When Mr. George Moore wrote his stinging little essay on "Sex in Art," and made such fun of those artistic households where husband and wife sweetly indulge in "la peinture & quatre mains"-the phrase is Manet's-he excepted one name from his esale denunciation of women painters that of Berthe Morisot. This comedy of sex in art is recalled after a view of Mary Cassatt's pictures, now at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, 5 West Thirty-sixth street. Miss Cassatt, such critics as Charles Morice and Camille Mauclaire concede, is the equal of Berthe Morisot, lacking her grace and delicacy, but boasting a robustness of vision that called forth the praise of no less a critic than Huysmans. This present exhibition includes etchings, pastels and oils. Some of the pictures are new to us, though the majority have become familiar through earlier expositions and reproductions. Her pastels are broad, brilliant compositions, full of bold rhythms and still bolder simplifications. The babies are her pictorial passion; babies sprawling in the arms; babies sitting bolt upright and peering at the universe from a background wonderfully arranged harmonies in white; babies playing in the sunshine with their mothers, and babies, pot bellied, crisply rendered and pink and mottled of flesh, wallowing in fat and with wistful or gleeful eyes, naughtily toying with the ingers of the inevitable admiring feminine brigade. Childhood has its most sympathetic interpreter in Miss Cassatt.

An extremely interesting early work of hers, one painted in the '70s, may be seen in this collection. It is the head and bust of a bonneted woman seated in a theatre box. The joint influences of Manet and Degas may be noted. Simple is the pose, the modelling strong; the brushwork is broad; there is no attempt at hatched or divided tones; and the general effect is one of sincerity. The dark tonal scheme and the problem of the profile in its relations to the quite summary treatment of a few persons in the adjoining balcony are alike admirable. Miss Cassatt has learned to manipulate paint more flowingly since then; yet she has seldom struck such a forcible chord of design and treatment, notwithstanding the fact that this picture represents her in the imitative and developperiod.

At the Montross Gallery, 372 Fifth avenue Mr. Childe Hassam presents some five and twenty canvases, pastels, water colors and paintings. It may be said that while he has given us larger pictures, the air of distinction, of quality, of alertness and joyusness has never been so apparent as in this grouping. A sun worshipper, not without a touch of the Monet sun madness, Mr. Hassam has succeeded in making some dazzling as well as discreet variations on his beloved theme. Bar Harbor and Old Lyme are still his favorite territory. He till paints woods saturated with sunlight, shivering with broken, exquisite light; the familiar dryad in pudic or Diana-like attitudes prepares for the bath or is seen immersed to her hips, enjoying the wet of the waters, her flesh with its symbolic stippling betraying her nonchalant satisfaction in a purely pagan and glorious existence. But as Zola said of Corot: "Why are these nymphs not peasants?"

In one of these pictures a nude lady is confronted by two waddling ducks, two tiny notes in the foreground. These creatures are all making for a cool creek. There is a seductive moonlight in the old lane at Lyme, and a marine that recalls Whistler's Bognor picture, though more in sentiment than style. The Isle of Shoals group is faithfully rendered, and Hassam does not seek to elude the jumble of opposing hues in rocky stratifications. No modern painter except, perhaps, the Norwegian, Edvard has dared to handle these crude, unrelated tones with so much audacity. The most notable picture is that of the Brooklyn Bridge, recently painted. It is a far more credible bridge than Hassam's own Ponte Vecchio across the Arno at Florence, exhibited at the Comparative Show a few seasons ago. There is something spectral, unsubstantial, something of the dream architecture of Piranesi in the spidery lines of the Brooklyn Bridge, when a ghostly mist has begun to eat away its massive towers, its sweeping cables and its solid arch. Hassam has caught the rhythmic music, the sense of mysterygray wintery sky above, metallic river below-and to emphasize the growing arid blur he has introduced some snow covered roofs, a drab city snow in the foreground. The impression is a harmonious one. In such a low scale there is nevertheless much variety; the eye is soothed by the soft brilliance, the gentle modulations of gray against gray, of land and sky and water. And the bridge is so contrived that it touches the imagination without being tortured by the painter into either a spectre or a

It is like leaping many octaves, as the

musicians say, to go from the shimmering atmosphere of Childe Hassam to the dark, austere and often chilly canvases of Van Perrine now on exhibition at the New Gallery, 15 West Thirtieth street. But there the contrast ends; Hassam is master of his moods and material, Van Perrine shows the traces of his struggles with both. He is not in absolute command of his technical resources, relying too often in happy improvisation. And it must be confessed that his improvisations are sometimes very happy, except in those pictures where he evidently attempts to force nature into a melodramatic pattern, instead of seeking for her own rhythms and patterns. That this young man has power and fluency is not to be doubted; but he is fond of scenic displays that recall the designs, even the brushwork, of the eccentric John Martin and occasionally the anecdotage of Gustave Doré. His three trees, a favorite storm blasted heath-or is it the top of the Palides?—are a Rembrandt motive theatricalized, with a violent shaft of light striking them from an apocalyptic cloud mass. But Van Perrine has studied faithfully the shape and gait of clouds. He knows the heavens at their blackest. He delights in depicting a black-in-black storm, ragged edged, wrathful, terrifying. You can almost guess the velocity of the wind in his pictures. If he only were not so pasty, so bituminous, so "painty"! The mediocre Makart could not be more opaque. A man need not select the screaming scales of lightness and bright--this is a matter of temperament; but Van Perrine has the pessimistic poetic temperament. Yet clear painting is better than muddy. Like Baudelaire, Van Perrine evidently believes in cultivating his personal and poetio "hysteria." This is well. But variety is a vital spice, after all. Doubtless pictures were closely observed, perhaps painted in the open; yet they often create the impression of an artificial studio light, of the atmosphere one encounters in a semi-darkened theatre. How firm and supple his brush can be at times may be noted in a group of obliquely lying cherry trees, handled with rhythmic ease. There is here almost a Japanese veraciousness and an absolute freedom from the arranged, the However, there is much to enjoy, much

to wonder over in Van Perrine's storms, He has deep feeling for the sinister, over-arching approaching hurricane, its van-



guard of flying scud, sun tipped, and its or individuality. Mr. Beckwith has always lowering upon the land like a tornadic, reminded us of a Bonnat, who studied art in menacing curtain. This painter is a Ro- America instead of Paris. Merely a fancy, mantic, and in several of his works, those with a human motive, he has, unconsciously, betrayed certain affinities with Arnold Boecklin. He may go far if he is more attentive to paint values, avoids "literary" subjects, and does not seek to harness nature to his fancy in such an arbitrary fashion. At present, despite a fiery imagination, revelling as did Salvator Rosa in the unnatural and stormy sublime, his work is too often monotonously monochromatic. But what an illustrator in black and white he might become!

Charles Caryl Coleman owns a studio at the Isle of Capri. From its windows he observed the famous eruption of Vesuvius last April. He has given us the results of these observations in a series of thirty-four pastels, which are on view at the Galleries of Theodore C. Noë, 368 Fifth avenue. Any one curious about the looks of sky and sea and land during the terrific outbreak can gratify his curiosity without the drawbacks of the dangerous reality. Vesuvius, its cones, its flanks, is studied from every angle and given in a medium that is suggestive, deliciously clear and never for a moment condescending to the obvious or the exaggerated. Mr. Coleman paints the wind, as indicated by the inclinations of the cloud pillar emanating from the flaming mountain. We see the classic shaped smoke tree, or the frightful soggy umbrella of vapor charged with stones and dust; or a slender, feather-like spray; or misty masses, volatilized by sun rays. As a spectacle this eruption must have proved of deep interest to this artist, for he has made it very interesting in his pastels. His oils are not so agreeable, being bathed in a livid, unhealthy light, and his men and

women not betraying any significance. Mr. J. H. Sharp displays at Fishel, Adler & Schwartz's, 313 Fifth avenue, over thirty pictures, devoted to the delineation of Indian life. The best realized of the series is No. 10, "Gray Day-The Visit." It is discreet and has an out of door atmosphere. The neads of the Indians are hard and not set forth in a particularly pleasing quality of paint. Mr. Sharp has been a close student of his subject.

Knoedler's, 355 Fifth avenue, are showing eight portraits of Mr. A. Müller Ury and nineteen paintings of Mr. George Hitchcock. The Ury portraits display all the familiar devices of this well known painter. Accessories are magnified into the heroic rôle on each canvas; while the face of the sitter is resolved into a too insignificant decoration. The artist's mother is the most sincerely handled of the group. The portraits of Mrs. Daniel Frohman and Mrs. Clark Williams are specimens of virtuosity as to the stuffs encompassing their inflexible figures. Certainly Mrs. Frohman has more human facial expression, else she could not assume any part in any play The counterfeits of Senator Depew and Judge Morgan O'Brien are as dignified as

Mr. Hitchcock has always revelled in the vivid, angular patches of old Dutch gardens. There are many pretty hyacinths, tulips crocuses and nasturtiums in his collection painted with a full brush, often offending the eye by their rank, unmodulated coloring. His heads have a genuine poster quality. They are delightfully decorative. Mr. Julius Oehme, at his gallery, 320 Fifth avenue, is the sort of man whose heart is in his pictures. He may not admit it, but he really enjoys showing them more than he does selling them. That is why he asks such prices. But as every good lover of painting feels more or less the millionaire in an art gallery, he hears unmoved the large sums that trip off so nimbly from the collector's tongue; \$20,000 for a Mauve \$25,000 for a Corot, &c. What are such mercenary details compared to the delicate glow of a Corot springtide; to the slumbering mystery in the heart of a Diaz wood; to the suave skies and homely cattle of Daubigny? And, then, that Monticelli-1

Monticelli's great day is coming; that unhappy man from Marseilles, who "painted who squeezed upon his palette his "crushed jewels." The Monticelli at Ochme's is not in his usual key. Fancy a spiritual saffron, an arrangement of graded tones, with a sonorous chord of deep blue, a blue only possible to Monticelli-or Titian! The subject-oh! that is negligible. Some indolent women in a region of peacocks and gold; a land where the stars shine at noon and where every one dreams turquoise dreams. Mr. Oehme also shows a Harpignies, an "important" one. There are examples of Dupré, of Roybet-the inevitable Roybet, this time pearl, not scarlet-a happy little Renoir pastel; and the Diaz, Corot, Daubigny, Ziem-dear old color syndicate!-and Mauve, aforesaid. The impression one gleans at this gallery is that it would be robbing Mr. Ochme of his treasures to buy any of them. And that is the proper attitude, is it not, for the amateur as well as for the dealer? Nevertheless, if you are in a holiday, loose pursed

Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith shows several of his recent essays in portraiture at the Schaus Gallery in Fifth avenue. Sober, dignified art this, without much magnetism

this, and not suggesting for a moment that these portraits are lacking in dignity, skill or sobriety. The lovers of modern Dutch and French

art will have their taste gratified by visiting the galleries of Arthur Tooth, Fifth avenue and Thirty-first street. There are two water colors by the veteran Israels, rather loose in drawing, though charming in tonality, and without that note of forced sentimentality which is a magnet for the Israels public. One, an interior of poverty, with the figures of an old man and woman seated, is a worthy example of true pathos. The lighting is magical, subdued, pervasive. Harpignies, who will be, at his present rate of improvement, an extraordinary master when he is a centenarian-like Hokusaiis represented by some characteristic trees. with a Rousseau-like luminous background. There is a cool, modest Lépine, suggestive of Boudin, a view of the Seine near Saint Denis that is very appealing in its air of fidelity to "things seen." The Weissenbruch is not for a public that admires prettiness; its theme and configurations are unobtrusive, even commonpiace, if it were not that the tonalities are so subtly exploited. An enclosed yard, over the back wall of which is a delicate irradiation. Nothing more. Yet it is masterly. Gérôme is shown in a waterscape, an Oriental setting, suffused with the atmosphere of the East. The painting is flat and monochromatic: the invention is rich, if the actual execution is "tight." There is a fine, melancholy Cazin, a lovely Jacobus Maris, intimate, restrained in feeling, and in its every articulation instinct with the mystery of gray nature. Fritz Thaulow, who of late painted so much and so mediocre, is at his best, and a noble best it is. A poetic de Bock, an excellent Henner, more Venetian than the Venetians, and two marines by Clays make up a very attractive ensemble at this gallery. Nor must a canvas by Anderson Hague, one of the Glasgow men, be overlooked. Indeed, it holds its own with any of the Dutchmen; it is individual in treatment and conception-a strip of brown sand, a choppy sea full of brownish green reflections, with a wave here and there crested white. The air is salt and damp; you feel it blowing you full in the face. A certain spacious open sea mood is a characteristic of this canvas. The Erich Galleries, 463-465 Fifth avenue,

are showing French art just now, seventeenth and eighteenth century art; Mignard, Watteau, Greuze, Chardin-an interesting and unusual specimen-Nattier, Lancret, Largillière, Vestier, Poussin-a baptism of Jesus and others. Lovers of sheer virtuosity will visit Mr. Erich more than once to gaze admiringly upon the painting of certain brilliant passages in a portrait of Mme. Du Barry by Drouais-François Hubert -the younger. The little selfish head, with its frivolous, inconsequential eighteenth century expression, is not half so attractive as the muff and fur the lady disports. The must rests upon a polished table-its planes are artfully delineated; the tone is a sombre yet lucid black. The modulation of black into black is a noteworthy achievement; into black is a noteworthy achievement; and the transpositions of the furry cerise corder which the Du Barry wears at her bust and neck, with the faint echo on her plump chin, are problems successfully solved by a painter who loved painting for painting's sake. The portrait is negligible compared with such ardent materialism.

The Photo-Secession still holds forth at Mr. Steichen's studio on Fifth avenue. If it could only secure the nude photograph by Alvan Coburn of Bernard Shaw posing as Rodin's "Penseur" public interest would be mightily stimulated in its new school. And much more so if the portrait were given

And much more so if the portrait were given its real title, à la Mallarmé: "L'après-midi

NORWICH SUNK AT HER DOCK. Oldest Steamboat on the Hudson Allowed

to Fill to Quench a Fire in Her Hold. KINGSTON, N. Y., Dec. 16 .- This morning t 3 o'clock fire was discovered forward of the boiler of the sidewheel steamer Norwich of the Cornell towing line while at dock here and considerable damage was done to her joiner work before the flames were extinguished. The seacock was opened and her hill was allowed to fill with water and she sank at her dock. The vessel is known as "The Ice King," by reason of her prowess in breaking through thick ice. She is the oldest steamboat on the Hudson River, having been built in 1836.

The Norwich was constructed of wood by Lawrence & Sneeden at New York for the New York and Norwich Steamboat Company and ran for a number of years as

Company and ran for a number of years as a Long Island Sound passenger boat. Later she ran as a passenger boat on the Hudson River from Rondout to New York. Since 1850 she has been a familiar object to resi-dents along the banks of the Hudson as a

Mr. Rockefeller's Caddles Going to School TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 16 .- Neighbors of John D. Rockefeller at his home at Pocantico Hills have been surprised of late while walking across his golf links to find him playing with workingmen in overalls as caddies. Mr. Rockefeller has dropped all of his caddy boys for the winter so that they may attend the village school and is utilizing some of the Italian workmen employed on his estate instead.



SAINT SAENS: "Magnifique. More beautiful than the pianos in Paris."

An Ideal Holiday Gift

NABE ART PIANO

EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT OF INSTRUMENTS IN ALL ART EPOCHS

NOW READY FOR DELIVERY

LOUIS XVI. **EMPIRE**

LOUIS XV. CHIPPENDALE ADAMS, ETC. **SHERATON** LOUIS XIV.

In Natural Woods, Enamel, Vernis Martin

Our "regular" style cases are both artistic and architecturally correct. And the present "Knabe tone" is unique.

D'Albert: "Best instruments of America." Von Bulow: "Absolutely best in America."

WM. KNABE & CO.

KNABE BUILDING

FIFTH AVENUE and 39TH STREET

SANTA CLAUS' SWEETHEART, A Christmas story of irresistible charm and tenderness, by Imogen Clark.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West Twenty-Third Street, New York

A SQUIRREL APARTMENT HOUSE. One Built in a Park Tree for the Gray Bushy Tail Pets.

Squirrel Castle is the name a number or residents in Central Park West in the neighborhood of Eighty-first street have given to a fine home that has just been completed with great care for the gray bushy tail pets of that section of Central Park. The new structure was built on the plan of an apartment hotel, as it was thought that the squirrels were ready o abandon the single dwelling com of their kind and live in commun This dwelling will nmodate three

families and only a trial will show if the little animals can live in family groups so near together in amity. The new home is a circular structure, the exterior being branches of trees, with projecting eaves to give shelter to the porch that runs about the house. Branches project from the ridge pole so as to afford plenty of room for Mesdames Bushy Tail to sit there of a pleasant morning and swap gossip. The inside is divided into three apartments each baying a separate entrance.

each having a separate entrance.

The home was built at the request of the The home was built at the request of the residents who live opposite the park and who observed that many of the squirrels were unprovided with homes for the winter. The apartment hotel was put in a big tree on Saturday. It was left for the squirrels to furnish the house themselves, for experience has taught the park people that squirrels don't take to furnished rooms. They have a habit of throwing out the interior furnishings supplied by human friends and collecting their own bedding of leaves, hair and other material.

A park attendant reported yesterday that the new house had got tenants, and from the sourrying about that he saw he suspected there was trouble among the squirrels in establishing right of possession, but he let them fight it out among themselves.

NO RECORD OF QUINN AS PRIEST In This Archdiocese-His Marriages for Bishop McFaul to Look Into.

Father Lewis, Archbishop Farley's secretary, said yesterday that the Archbishop had no record whatever of Charles S. Quinn. the man who officiated at St. Agnes's Church, Atlantic Highlands, as a priest last summer and who was found dead with the former housekeeper at the rectory in a furnished room house in East Eighteenth street on room house in East Eighteenth street on Thursday night. Another priest said that Quinn was undoubtedly not a priest. Concerning the nullity of the various ceremonies performed by the pseudo priest at Atlantio Highlands, it was stated that this matter was something that Bishop McFaul of Trenton would probably take up. If it was found that Quinn was not a priest marriages performed by him would be performed over again.

M.Knoedler&Co.

invite attention to their carefully selected collection of

PAINTINGS

and Water Colors of various schools Old English Mezzotints and Colored Sporting Prints 355 FIFTH AVE.

(Cor. 34th St.), N. Y.

Paris, 28 Place Vendome.

He has succeeded in investing the topic with an interest considerably exceeding that of the ordinary novel.-New York Tribune.

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

ARTHUR TRAIN

Asst. Dist. Attorney in New York County.

Good stories, racy anecdotes, and clever descriptions of cases in the criminal courts, taking up in turn in a lively and anecdotal way the jury, the witness, women in the courts, the law's delays, tricks of the trade, red tape, the trial of misdemeanors, etc. Full of information interesting to lawyers and laymen and of suggestive ideas.

\$2.00 net. Postage 15 cents.

Full of information most valuable to " One of the most interesting books the layman. The topics are described of the week, full of information as to clearly and vividly and enlivened by many highly interesting stories.—Cleve-New York Herald.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



By MRS. JAMES H. DOOLEY

"We catch the perfume of tea-roses, the rich glory of old gardens, the clear notes of fresh young voices, the beautiful white light of love, which permeates the one hundred and fifty pages of this interesting book."-Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A beautiful gift book, with 16 colored drawings by Suzanne Gutherz and 40 decorations by Cora E. Parker

Boxed, \$2.00

COUNTRY LIPS THE WORLD'S WORK THE GARRIES IN APPRICA DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. NEW YORK.

THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE By Margaret Deland. "Without question the greatest novel of the day."—CLEVELAND LEADER. "A perfect book."—N. Y.TIMES. Illustrated. \$1.50.

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD

By Robert Hichens. A story thrilling with the exultant joy of physical life, by the author of "The Garden of Allah." Illustrated. \$1.50.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA By Anthony Hope. A stirring romance like the "Prisoner of Zenda." \$1.50.

THE SQUAW MAN

By Julie Opp Faversham. A dynamic story of two continents, based on the play by the same title. Illustrated. \$1.50.

BUCHANAN'S WIFE

By Justus Miles Forman. For vividness and realism it is the counter-part of "The Masquerader.' "—BUR-LINGTON HAWK-EYE. Illustrated.

ANN BOYD

By Will N. Harben. Ann Boyd fights the grim battle of injured womanhood against conventional prejudice, and wins. With frontispiece, \$1.50.

THE \$30,000 BEQUEST By Mark Twain. A collection of Mark Twain's latest stories, etc. Illustrated.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS O'HAGAN

By Justin Huntly McCarthy. A dashing eighteenth century romance. \$1.50. GRAY MIST

By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." A novel of Breton life. Illustrated in color. \$1.50 net.

THE GENTLEMAN RAGMAN

By Wilbur Nesbit. Pure, unadulterated humor from a typical inland village, told by a boy. \$1.50. DISSERTATIONS BY MR. DOOLEY

By F. P. Dunne. The genial philoso-pher's latest observations. \$1.50. THE MIRROR OF THE SEA

By Joseph Conrad. The mystery, the joy, the terror of the sea have never been so wonderfully portrayed. \$1.50. BEYOND THE ROCKS

By Elinor Glyn. Told with the author's customary eleverness and audacity. \$1.50.

By Philip Verrill Mighels. With a youngster for a hero, and a Western lumber camp for a background, this child-life humor appeals to old and young. \$1.25. young. \$1.25. KATE: A COMEDY By Bronson Howard. "Brilliant in its lines and absorbing in 123 situations." —BUFFALO EXPRESS. \$1 25.

SOME SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGES By Abby Meguire Roach. A dozen de-lightful romances of married life. Inca-trated. \$1.25.

HARPER & BROTHERS

SEE AT YOUR BOOKSELLERS I.—The beautiful impressionist colored

pictures in The Log of the Sun \$6 net.

"This volume of delight."

"Every page is suggestive, both in text and picture."—Outlook.

II .- The amusing pictures in

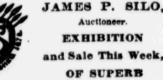
A Cheerful Year Book A useful, entertaining and pretty

"Any one with a sense of humor will enjoy it."—Dial, "Add 8% for carriage. HENRY HOLT & CO Publishers NEW YORK

ROSSING PENMANSH

ART SALES AND EXHIBITIONS.

Fifth Ave, Art Galleries,



Eastern Rugs and Carpets

for account of MESSRS. DONCHIAN BROTHERS,

878 Broadway. OVER EIGHT HUNDRED examples of

Oriental Textile Fabrics comprising every known weave. All of the HIGHEST QUALITY.

THE SALE will

begin To-morrow (Tuesday) AT 3 O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON, and will continue daily at same hour, closing Saturday, December 22d. IT IS RARELY AN OPPORTUNITY IS AFFORDED OF THIS DESCRIPTION.

Fifth Auction Avenue Rooms

333-341 FOURTH AVE., S. E. CORNER 25TH ST. H. A. HARTMAN, Auctioneer Louis XV. and XVI., Empire and Colo-

Florentine Mirors, Sheffield Plate, Oil Florentine Mirors, Sheffield Plate, Oil Paintings, Engravings, Persian Rugs and Carpets, Cut Glass, Collection of Antique Jewelry, Fans, etc., suitable for Holiday Gifts.

To be sold
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,
December 19, 20 and 21, at 2 o'clock each day.
On view until hour of sale.